EPITHALAMION:

OR, A

BRIDAL POEM,

ON THE

MARRIAGE

Of Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princeſs AUGUSTA of *ENGLAND*,

To His Moſt SERENE HIGHNESS

The Hereditary Prince of BRUNSWICK-LUNENBURGH.

LONDON,

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, near Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holbourn; and C. MORAN, under the Great Piazza, Covent Garden.

MDCCLXIV.

[Price Six-pence.]

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TO HER

ROYAL AND MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

The Princeſs of BRUNSWIC-LUNENBURGH.

May it pleaſe Your HIGHNESS,

TO accept this mark of the moſt unfeigned Loyalty: being the only recommendation it can boaſt of, and this the firſt opportunity of making it known to you, and the illuſtrious Family from whence you are deſcended.

If the following Poem, with which I preſent Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, meets your approbation, it will prove the greateſt means of its

recommendation, and an endleſs proof of a ſubject's loyalty; a loyalty of which I am proud, and happy to declare. The bearing arms in the ſervice of the KING your Brother, with a ſmall ſhare of honour and ſucceſs, cannot be mentioned, when thouſands of more diſtinguiſhed characters ſhared more eminently the dangers, and the glories.

I had no other method to ſhew my zeal and reſpect, (though many in theſe Kingdoms were more equal to the Theme;) yet, though equal, none ſuperior in Loyalty to

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt obedient, moſt devoted

Humble Servant,

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

WORLD.

OF all my reading, I never read but one good Bridal Poem, which was written by Mr. Spencer, in honour of the Marriages of the Lady *Elizabeth*, and Lady *Catharine Somerſet*---and I am prouder of being the Copier of ſo good a piece, in praiſe of ſo illuſtrious a Princeſs, than thought the Author of ſuch jargon as daily offends the ear.

I am, in another reſpect, particular: I had rather hear an Eccleſiaſtic Gentleman repeat a ſermon of Mr. Tillotſon, than favoured with a laboured child of his own brain. In the ſubſequent lines are Mr. Spencer's words and thoughts in a modern dreſs, which are preſented by the Author as a teſtimony of his Loyalty to the illuſtrious Princeſs AUGUSTA.

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TO THE

WORLD.

O Fair my reader, I never read but one good Bridal Poem, which was written by Mr. Spencer, in honour of the Marriages of the Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Catharine Somerset—and I am proud of being the Copier of so good a piece, in point of Illustration a Principle, that thought the Author of such Poem as fully offends the eare.

I am, in another respect, particular: I had rather bear an Heroick Gentleman expect a Sermon of Mr. Tillotson, than favoured with a laboured child of his own brain. In the following lines are Mr. Spencer's words, and thoughts in a modern dress, which are recommended by the Author as a testimony of his loyalty to the illustrious Princess ANNE.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters of that silver stream,
Who have assisted to an humbler theme;
When other's merits fill'd my simple lays;
Now, raise the Muse to carrol Brunswic's praise.

Virtues, like theirs, a master's hand require,
A Spencer's fancy, or a Dryden's fire:
Since both are wanting to compleat the whole,
She dare but boast of Loyalty of soul.
Then flow my verse, flow like thy Thames's stream;
And be my pattern, to the noblest theme.

Calm was the day, the ſun ſerenely fair,
And ſouthern breezes trembl'd thro' the air;
When I, who long had been the adverſe ſport
Of partial Fortune, and the ſlaves of Court,
Walk'd forth to breathe the fragrance of the breeze,
Beneath the umbrage of the talleſt trees,
Along the banks of rapid rolling Thames;
(Which ſcarce the fullneſs of his current hems:)
Where painted flowers adorn the regal ſeat,
Proud of the preſſure of AUGUSTA's feet;
Whoſe days prolong, ſmooth as the Thames's ſtream,
The great example of my bridal theme.

There, on the ſurface of the glaſſy flood,
Fair as the ſoul that's truly chaſte and good,
A lovely Swan appear'd of lovely hue,
Fairer than Godlike JOVE, who LEDA knew:
No virgin ſnow upon the mountain's height,
Was e'er ſo very fair, ſo pure, ſo white;

The very ſtream the ſtately creature bare,
Seem'd conſcious ſhe was foul, and fled, for fear
Her waves ſhould ſoil her ſilken ſnowy pride,
Swimming ſupinely down the chryſtal tide.
As eaſy flow your time, as this fair ſtream,
The fair example to the bridal theme.

Thus as ſhe row'd her ſtately form, I ſpied,
Striving againſt the torrent of the tide,
A Second, with that dignity of brood,
That ſhines throughout the Princes of the flood:
Under the ruſhy bank he ſeem'd to ſail,
Rais'd his white wings, and catch'd the driving gale;
A thouſand nymphs, till now, had gathering been,
The ſweeteſt flowers, and triping o'er the green,
To lively ſounds, that fill'd the caſeing air,
Ran from their dance to ſee the Princely PAIR:
Sliding along the Thames's ſilver ſtream,
The fair example to the faireſt theme.

So ſweet a PAIR were never ſeen before
Within the limits of the ENGLISH ſhore,
So fair, ſo lovely, that they deem'd them born
Of heavenly race, chaſte as the virgin morn;
They ſeemed more than any royal ſeed,
Angels themſelves, if not of Angel breed:
As they advance, the nymphs their flowrets ſtrew,
And form'd ſweet garlands for the lovely two,
THAMES, like old PENEUS ſmil'd, whoſe water glides
With ſweeteſt flowers from TEMPE's flowery ſides:
Pleas'd with the ſight, a maid this bridal theme
Rehears'd, which died a-down the falling ſtream.

Fair birds, the grace, fair ornament of time,
When love and virtue make the ſoul ſublime,
When virtues, only yours, combine to prove,
The bliſs of mortals in connubial love;
Joy may you have in this, and ev'ry hour,
And ſhew the friendſhips of the bridal bower;

Shew to a wond'ring world, what glories roll
From BRITAIN's Daughter, and from BRUNSWIC's ſoul.
May endleſs peace, and plenty bleſs your days,
Your worth the monuments of endleſs praiſe.
And may the braveſt, faireſt iſſue prove
The heart of WILLIAM, and AUGUSTA's love.
Accept, great Pair, the tributary theme,
Smooth flow your time as Thames's ſmootheſt ſtream.

She ended---and anon the virgin throng,
Began their chorus to the bridal ſong;
And Eccho from the neighbouring Hills reſounds
Their loyal words, and moſt melodious ſounds;
In love's embraces, ſuch another pair
Ne'er met,
As WILLIAM brave, and as AUGUSTA fair:
In manners gentle, in affections fair,
A Kingdom's darling, and a Soldier's care.
Birds of all kinds from ev'ry buſh and tree,
Came to behold the pair a-down the LEE;

But how inferior to the feather'd race,
To theſe in Beauty, Majeſty, and Grace,
But ſtill they did excell the reſt as far
As ſilver CYNTHIA does the ſmalleſt ſtar:
Thus ev'ry creature of the earth, and air,
With joy attended on the lovely pair.
With joy prolong'd the happy, bridal theme,
Which roll'd melodious down the glaſſy ſtream.

Next to the crowded Capital they came,
To SOMERSET, that ancient Houſe of Fame,
Where Engliſh Peers have boaſted of their birth,
Inferior only to a BRUNSWIC's worth:
One WILLIAM who remov'd his Country's woes,
And ſav'd her, ſinking under Gallic foes;
One WILLIAM who, with ev'ry good poſſeſs'd,
To make him dear to all the brave and beſt:
One WILLIAM who did honour to our law,
The Son of Mars, the Brother of Naſſau:

Here lodg'd the noble, honour'd, princely pair,
The world's great glory, and our England's care:
A Prince, whoſe name gave terror to the earth,
To ſlaves, a freedom, to the mournful, mirth;
And may thy proweſs, and victorious arms,
Save fertile Lunenbourgh from foreign harms,
Peace and AUGUSTA's name for ever ring,
And, a more able Muſe her virtues ſing.
Sing, ſing AUGUSTA's praiſe like Thames's ſtream,
An endleſs ſubject, but a glorious Theme.

If Phœbus is the Father of the Muſe,
Can he this ſimple one requeſt refuſe?
Let but this bridal day, this day be mine,
And all the reſt I promiſe ſhall be thine.
Tell me ye NOBLE Daughters, did ye ſee,
A Maid ſo lovely, and ſo good as ſhe?
A Maid ſo kind, ſo fair; moſt chaſte, moſt kind,
A Princeſs with a moſt exalted mind:

Honour and virtue all her deeds approve,
In ev'ry geſture, majeſty and love.
Attend ye Dreſſers of her beauty's pride,
Strive to adorn the beautifulleſt Bride:
Fair Sun, appear in thy ſereneſt ray,
In honour of AUGUSTA's bridal day:
May ev'ry day like THAMES's gentle ſtream,
As gently flow, and crown the poet's Theme.
See, whilſt ſhe now before the Altar ſtands,
Bleſs'd by the holy Prieſt with ſacred hands;
The virgin bluſhes flush upon her cheeks,
And a pure white ſucceeds them, while he ſpeaks:
Angels themſelves, forgetful of the rite,
Peep round the Bride, enraptur'd with the ſight:
But ſhe, with thoughts intent on ſacred ties,
Fix'd on the ground the luſtre of her eyes.
The knot is tied.---Hear what a loyal noiſe,
The world gives approbation with the voice,

All Hymen Iö, Iö Hymen ſing,
And ſpacious LONDON with the Echo's ring:
She durſt not look, tho' pleas'd, upon the crowd,
But bluſh'd to hear her praiſes ſung ſo loud:
Sing, Hymen ſing, the chorus of the theme,
Nor ceaſe thy carrol but with Thames's ſtream.

Long may ye live below your people's Love,
And ſoar from Earth to bleſſed Saints above,
Give to poſterity a princely Brood,
As WILLIAM brave, and as AUGUSTA good.
Live Royal Pair the glory of the theme,
Uninterupted like the Thames's ſtream.

11.7.19

FINIS.

EPITHALAMION.

All Hymen Io, Io Hymen they sing,
And [illegible]
She duth [illegible]
But [illegible]
sing Hymen [illegible]
Nor [illegible]

Long may ye live below your [illegible]
And [illegible]
Give to [illegible]
As Wallace brave, and as Augusta good.
Live Royal Pair the glory of the [illegible]
Uninterrupted like the Flame's fierce.

FINIS.